

## FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!

## Painting Things Red with Bargains

The fearful souls of our frightened adversaries are yelling "Fire!" when they see the destruction in prices wrought by THE WHEN'S bargains. We have had a REAL FIRE DAMAGE. It don't hurt us much, but it has helped you, if you want any of the damaged goods.

## SCORCHED STUFF

A blaze in the basement of THE WHEN on Friday damaged

300 CHILDREN'S SUITS 400

On Monday we made a

## SPECIAL SALE

Of these goods. Some were scorched. Some only smoked. They will be cut in price in proportion as they are damaged, from 50 cents to \$4 for Suits that were from \$4 to \$7.

## LIMITED LOT ONLY!

Be on hand early for the scorched goods sale.

## BARBERS and WAITERS

A full line of this kind of goods.

Aprons, Ties, Coats, Vests, Jackets.

## A SPLENDID DISPLAY

Everything for everybody in Socks, Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Cravats.

## The Silk Souvenir

A grand rush for this brilliant, beautiful and cheap popular Necktie.

## Finest Furnishings

## THIN GOODS

Not too early. It is the season that is late. Not too thin,

## Just Thin Enough!

DRAP D'ETE, SERGES, LUSTRES, SEERSUCKERS, ALPACAS, PONGEE SILKS, MOHAIRS, FRENCH FLANNELS.

A great quantity of all these goods, piled HIGH, but marked LOW.

## YOU'LL NEED 'EM SOON!

## HATS

## Cheap-Priced Hats

Stiff Hats in all colors, from 96c, \$1.46, \$1.96, on up to \$5.

## Warm-Weather Wear

A new shipment of Stiff and Soft Hats in light colors. Sole agents of the three principal Eastern manufacturers—Schindler & Co., New York; Nasciminto, Baltimore; and Lamson, Boston.

## THE POPULAR CRUSH HATS

in all colors, only

85c!

Our new \$3 Derby is correct in style; latest light shades. ALL THE NOVELTIES for Men, for Boys.

## CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

## A New York Clergyman Who Climbs a Lamp-Post to Light His Cigar.

Fingerless Gloves for Wear at Fashionable Dinners—Novelties in the Line of Advertising—Strange Pets for the Ladies.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

New York, May 19.—Three young ladies sat a-row, separated only by their husbands, at a charity concert one evening this week. They did not speak to one another, and this fact was noticeable when the Duke of Marlborough, who has just returned to town, passed along the line and greeted each belle in turn. His Grace did not seem to be aware of the lack of acknowledgment between them, and his ignorance was natural, because the trio was supposed to be congenial ornaments of the distinctly well-gathered. One of them was Mrs. Frederick K. Vanderbilt, who was admitted into McAllister's four hundred several years ago; Mrs. George Gould, the beautiful ex-actress, who was snubbed by the Astors and Vanderbilts, and Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., who has made no effort at an entrance into the supposedly charmed circle. There is a heap of foolishness in our best society.

Young Mrs. Gould enjoyed the distinction of favor from the clergyman who has so suddenly become the most fashionable in New York. This was the Rev. Dr. Paxton, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in West Forty-second street. He not only stopped and shook hands with the juvenile matrons, and chatted familiarly with her, but beamed effusively while doing so. Jay Gould and family are attendants upon Paxton's ministry, and therefore there may have been diplomacy in his attention to the millionnaire's daughter-in-law, but all the same, his devotion to ten minutes to her, while he only nodded casually to Mrs. Vanderbilt, was a triumph for its recipient. Paxton is, however, some man and a florid orator. He began with a sapient congregation, but now his house is crowded by the wealthiest and most pretentious people in town. Eccentricity is a marked trait in him, and some of his exploits have brought him into difficulties, but with his pulpit power he is able to defy these antagonisms. Soon after he was called to this pastorate he went to an evening meeting of Presbyterian pastors, and after the adjournment walked down Fifth avenue with the Rev. Dr. John Hall and Charles Robinson, then whom two more dignified and conventional ministers could not be named. Paxton took out a cigar case and offered a weed to each of his companions. They declined to smoke. Selecting a cigar himself, and biting off the end like an expert, he felt for a match in vain. Then he asked the others for a light, but they could not give it. Next he astonished them by shining up a lamp-post and lighting his cigar at the gas-jet.

"That is a good mystic feat," said Dr. Hall, gravely. "But I trust we are the only spectators." "So do I," added Dr. Robinson, "and I hope you will not introduce too many such antics into Presbyterianism." "Now, my dear old fellows," said Doctor Paxton, "don't you worry about me. I shall never be anything else than John Paxton. If my congregation likes me, I shall succeed; if they don't then I shall be quite unable to remodel myself."

But Paxton's oddities are accepted by his people as extravagances of genius, and they have just raised his salary from \$12,000 to \$15,000, the largest sum paid to any preacher in New York, except Hall, since Beecher died.

Mrs. Willis Vanderbilt, as the favored few within her exclusive circle permit themselves to call her, gave a state dinner on Wednesday evening. Her residence, as my readers may not happen to remember, is not one of the familiarly-plastered brown-stone mansions erected by the late William H. Vanderbilt for himself and some branches of his family. Her house stands on the next corner above these structures, and is a much more ornate and picturesque building of white stone, the architecture reflecting considerably from the planer, box-like style of the others. This bang-up house is a very grand affair, and the first one gotten up under the supervision of the new French cook imported from Paris for the establishment. The wonders of flowers, crockery, glassware and service were equal in extravagance and elaboration to the viands and beverages, but the novelty that seemed to strike feminine palates most agreeably was a new drink, which is likely to have a remarkable summer popularity. Its origin has been attributed to actresses, but as a matter of fact it was concocted by Mrs. Vanderbilt, on her return from Europe. She got the receipt in India, where it had been used for years by the wives and daughters of British army officers in sultry weather. It is simply a decoction of mint, with a little of the aniseed liquor known in Germany as kummel. It is a delicious mixture, and singularly cooling, but I suppose its very low percentage of alcohol will disqualify it for masculine taste.

Fingerless gloves were a novelty at the Vanderbilt dinner. They were a compromise between wholly gloved hands, which are clumsy and unsuitable to eat with, and bare hands are hardly the right thing for a dressy occasion. So a number of the ladies, as though by prearrangement, wore gloves that stopped a little beyond their knuckles. These were like the mitts of our grandmothers, except that they were made of kid. Not only did they have the advantage of beauty and utility in the handling of knives, forks and spoons, but they permitted a display of jewelry. The strictness of rings on gloved fingers is not often committed by fashionable women, who have therefore been reluctantly compelled to hide, or leave off, their finger jewels at all times when gloves were prescribed. The fingerless gloves, as they introduced were a special manufacture to order; but the dealers will, of course, hasten to meet a demand. Customers can't wait for an importation, which would take six weeks, by the time the season of spring dinners will be over. So the dealers will have to amputate the fingers of gloves already in stock, and finish the cut edges with fancy stitching. If anybody desires to go into the business of making fingerless gloves for sore fingers, he can now lay in a supply cheaply.

The foremost belle and beauty of the largest tobacco factory on the East Side has quit the rolling of cigarettes, removed the stain of tobacco from her fingers, and is on exhibition in a Bowery dime museum. If she were heliose to a million her loveliness would be lauded beyond that of any girl in swaddom. She is a blonde, perfect in shapeliness and beautiful in face. What is she doing in the museum? She is charming gum. One of the manufacturers and heavy advertisers of gum has contracted with the manager of the show for her appearance. She sits on a raised platform along with an assortment of freaks. She wears a rich evening dress of white satin. Her hair is dressed in the latest style, and altogether she has an air of delicate high breeding. For full twelve hours a day she is on duty. Her jaws seem tireless, and with a few intermissions for rest she chews away at a cud of gum, paying no particular heed to the jocosely spectators, making no answer to their remarks, and deriving apparent satisfaction from the admiration which she feels that she incites. Besides, there is the pay in cash, the amount of which nobody outside the deal knows. Behind her are emblazoned the announcements that she chews a certain make of gum only, and boxes of it are piled around her. A boy sells the gum to whoever chooses to buy, but the main idea is to make the visitors to the museum go out and talk about the odd sight, and thus create a new demand for the article.

In another cheap Bowery show I saw a woman, who, if all that men flippantly say about the sex's vanity of dress be true, should be a very happy creature. This was Fannie Herring, the veteran actress, and she was appearing every alternate hour, from noon till 10 o'clock p. m., in a brief version of "The French Spy." The play thus had six repetitions daily, and each performance required four changes of costume, ranging from the long skirts of the original heroine to the skimpiest of the dumb boy whom she impersonated. However, I don't think that this plentifulness of dress renders the arduous work pleasurable to Miss Herring. Very many years of life on the stage—for some of us would not like to admit recollection of her debut—had made her callous to emotion, and there was no evidence that the artistic side of her employment was fatiguing her any. As to the physical exertion of so many changes of apparel, she was weary of much of it by a stalwart maid, who dressed and undressed her with wonderful celerity. Miss Herring is not a heavy weight, and her strong servant handled her about as a child does a doll.

Speaking of dress, Father McGlynn, the famous ex-priest and present labor agitator, said to me that the love of suitable apparel was not even eradicated from the minds of nuns or sisters belonging to the various orders of his church. Each of these sort of devotees has a particular uniform, usually very somber and calculated to impair if not destroy the vanity of its wearer. But Father McGlynn cites the case of a sister who decided to renounce the world and devote the rest of her life to religion and charity in the guise of a sister. She talked with him on the subject, and sought his instruction as to the different aims, objects and duties of the various orders. He told her all about them and she went away for the purpose of deliberation. A week later she came back, and she had made a selection of three. Having narrowed her choice down thus far, she confided the fact that she meant to accept out of the three the one which provided a dress most coming to her style. This was what the priest called the last remnant of worldliness in her. She was ready to give up a luxurious home and cut herself off from the sociability to which she had become habituated, but she still desired to dress as well as possible under pious circumstances.

The strangest kind of pets are often chosen by ladies. A marmoset, the very smallest of the monkey tribe, is the fondling of one household. He was brought from South America and cannot get accustomed to the cold Northern winters, so sits shivering and chattering until he is taken into the hand. He is a tiny creature, indeed, for he can make a bed of a lady's hand and have plenty of room. Carried about in the hand of a sister or another of the family all day long, he is as much cared for as a pet dog or cat. A curious fancy with his ugly little face and lack of tricks of any kind. The pet spider of a certain young lady is much more interesting. It has a home in a box of dirt, and a deep hole, protected by a round cover fashioned of earth and a liquid which it exudes. The cover has a hinge, and if one opens the house to peer in the spider comes up and pulls at the cover. The humming-birds belonging to a pretty girl build their nests in the lace curtains, and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and the florist sends a basket of flowers for them to extract the honey from. They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and light up the house with their dainty mistresses with perfect freedom. She seems to have an affinity for the feathered tribe. Outside her chamber window is a box for a dove which always comes there at night and pecks at the window pane when he wants to come in. He has perfect freedom, but chooses to remain in the house a good many hours through the day. The bird has a canary noised lightly on her head and a fluffy bulfinch hopping along after her. The latter is very jealous of the canary, and will peck him when he comes in to greet her callers with a canary noised lightly on her head and a fluffy bulfinch hopping along after her. The latter is very jealous of the canary, and will peck him when he comes in to greet her callers with a canary noised lightly on her head and a fluffy bulfinch hopping along after her. The latter is very jealous of the canary, and will peck him when he comes in to greet her callers with a canary noised lightly on her head and a fluffy bulfinch hopping along after her.

A family of girls delight in giving cat concerts. Their feline pets have been trained to mew to an accompaniment to the piano. They were taught to mew at the sound of a certain note by having their tails pulled, and finally the disagreeable recollection of the pain was sufficient to make them mew whenever they heard the note struck. The effect produced by this row of cats sitting on their hind paws and mewing in concert at intervals, is irresistibly comical. Two of the company box in the most scientific manner, and never fail to bring bursts of applause at their clever performance. Turkeys, frogs and fish are a common fancy. There are various pet alligators in existence, and from time to time one hears of young lions, bears or guinea pigs as favored inmates of private houses, but horses are not often encouraged in the house. However, one family has a grand frolic with their mistress. Imagine a lithic, graceful filly mounted on a parlor table with a horse's forepaws resting on its edge and its head lying on her mistress's lap. The mistress sits on a chair while another pony races after, playfully pushes her to the floor and rolls in glue beside her. The many forms the frolic takes would be a rich circus if her dignified friends were admitted.

A strange whim that is not exactly that of a woman but that is favored by a woman, is carried out in a suburban house in Philadelphia. It was the beloved companion of a gentleman throughout the war of the Rebellion lived a royal life after her battles fought, and when he died was stuffed and mounted on a block in the master's parlor. The eccentric man left his property and house to an heir on condition that the horse remain in the parlor, and there he is, a queer fixture in a modern setting. CLARA BELLE.

SHORT-HAND BY CLOCKWORK. An Exhibition of the Gramophone Which Reproduces Sound. Philadelphia Press.

Emile Berliner, of Washington, D. C., gave Franklin Institute, last night, the first public exhibition of the gramophone, an apparatus invented by him for recording and reproducing speech and sound. The lecture-room of the institute was taxed to its utmost to accommodate the audience. Before describing his invention Mr. Berliner referred to the attempts made to construct such an apparatus. The principle which he has succeeded in reducing to practice was his upon, he said, by Charles Cros, a Frenchman, who, however, failed to put the principle to practical operation, for the reason, apparently, that the phonograph had been invented by Edison before the result of Cros's investigation had been made public. Mr. Berliner said his investigations were wholly independent of a knowledge of Cros's achievement, but in the main arrived at the same result.

The gramophone consists of a polished plate, generally of zinc, the surface of which is coated by a preparation made by dissolving pure yellow beeswax in cold benzine, and then a turning plate is fastened horizontally, with the coated surface upward, to a shaft, which, revolving by means of clockwork, in turn revolves the plate. Bearing down upon the plate, the clockwork is a stylus tipped with iridium to prevent abrasion by the friction with the plate, which is called the recorder. The stylus communicates with a membranous tympanum, which is then into vibration by the voice or sound through a corded tube with a tin funnel-shaped mouth. Into this funnel-shaped mouth the operator sings or speaks, the membranous tympanum is thrown into vibration and in turn the stylus, which niches the plate or record, now being revolved by the clock-work.

After the effusions of the operator have been recorded the clock-work is removed, the stylus and tympanum give way to a similar but smaller contrivance, called the receiver, and a shaft, turned by means of a wheel, with a turning handle attached, is fixed to the shaft, upon which the recording plate is fastened. By means of this wheel the recording plate is revolved, the receiver takes from the grooves upon the plate the vibrations before recorded, and the sound issues out of the tin-funnel mouth. Wm. G. Fischer, the musician, was present, and sang "Auld Lang Syne," "When I Was Young," "The Blue Bird," and other selections. Mr. Berliner recited "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and made some enumerations. The recording plate was then removed for etching. During the etching process Mr. Berliner used recording plates heretofore traced. Upon these were recorded various musical selections which the apparatus rendered so that they could easily be heard at the furthest corner of the room. The words now and then were distinct, and all counting of numbers were clear enough to be understood. A metallic ring marked the performance. Mr. Berliner is still at work upon his apparatus and hopes to have it in much better shape in a month.

What Are Mrs. Langtry's Four Faults. Los Angeles Tribune. An evening paper yesterday alluded to Mrs. Langtry as the most beautiful woman that ever lived; lovelier than Helen or Cleopatra. According to Homer, Helen possessed four faults—physically, at least—while to American eyes at least Mrs. Langtry has four.

## The Fast and Furious Flames!

They spout from the top of THE WHEN where its natural-gas stand-pipe illuminates THE PATH OF PROGRESS. Old methods, old prices, old profits left behind in the blackness of outer darkness. BOOMS in "DE LIGHT." So booms THE WHEN, "in the light" and "in delight," and so rejoice the great crowds that fill

## THE WHEN

## A NEW LOT OF

Fancy Stationery, Cards, Albums and Frames, Oxidized Novelties, Toilet Articles of All Kinds, Japanese Decorations and Novelties, Lawn Parasols. Fine Silk Umbrellas, all Kinds and Prices.

CHARLES MAYER & CO  
29 and 31 West Washington Street.

## Carriages, Buggies and Harness

For Quality, Style and Finish our goods have no equal.

HOWLAND & JOHNSON  
LAWN MOWERS. 75 and 77 West Washington St.

## FUNERAL DIRECTOR

C. E. KREGLO

125 North Delaware St.

NO CHARGE for CHAPEL for services.

Only Free Ambulance. Telephone 564.

WARM WEATHER is sure to come. LILLY & STALNAKER  
See the Baldwin Refrigerator. 64 E. Washington St.

## TRAVELERS' INDEX.

## KANKAKEE LINE

(BIG FOUR RAILWAY)

SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT AND ECONOMY.

THE GAME COMMENCES AT 4 P. M.

We put on our base-ball train to accommodate the public, and we propose to run it in such a manner as to accomplish this end. Hereafter the game will be called at 4 p. m. Some people have the time and like to go early, see the practice, get choice seats, etc. Speaking about seats, no one need fear about getting good seats, so long as they can get any. There is not a bad seat in the Ball Park. Others are compelled to stay at their business as long as possible, for these we have also provided. They can purchase admission tickets, get seats, etc., at Kankakee ticket-office, corner Washington and Meridian streets, thus enabling them to go directly into the grounds on arrival at the park, and avoiding the crowds at the ticket window. The 50-cent admission tickets sold at ticket offices down town admit to ground without hindrance, direct from the train; are good for reserved seats. If you want to go into the pavilion you can pay 25 cents and get seat check after you are inside.

Note how our trains will run, commencing Monday, May 21:  
First train leaves Union Depot 3 p. m.; Washington street, three squares west of Bates House, 3:02 p. m.; North-street depot, 3:03 p. m.; arrive at Ball Park, 3:15 p. m.  
Second train leaves Union Depot 3:40 p. m.; West Washington street, 3:42 p. m.; North street, 3:43 p. m.; arrive at Ball Park, 3:50 p. m.; ten minutes before game is called.

Returning, train leaves immediately when game closes, lands at North street in three minutes, Washington street in five minutes, and Union Depot in 10 minutes.

FARE FIVE CENTS EACH WAY.

Note—Please provide yourself with tickets, in order that conductor can make collection quickly.

CINCINNATI DIVISION.

Depart 5:00am 5:00am 5:00pm 5:00pm

Arrive 10:45am 10:45am 5:00pm 10:00pm

Depart 11:00am 11:00am 5:00pm 10:00pm

Arrive 5:00pm 5:00pm 11:00pm 11:00pm

CHICAGO DIVISION.

Depart 11:00am 12:00pm 5:00pm 11:00pm

Arrive 5:00pm 5:00pm 11:00pm 11:00pm

Union Depot base-ball train dep't 3:00 and 3:40 p. m.

W. Wash. st. base-ball train dep't 3:02 and 3:42 p. m.

North-street base-ball train dep't 3:03 and 3:43 p. m.

Pullman palace cars, elegant reclining-chair cars, and parlor cars between Indianapolis, Chicago and Cincinnati.

For tickets, sleeping car accommodations and all information call at Union Depot or the Model Ticket Office, corner Washington and Meridian Sts.

J. E. MARTIN, Dist. Pass. Agt.

A. W. BRAYTON, M. D.

OFFICE: Northwest corner Ohio and Meridian Sts.

RESIDENCE: 808 E. Washington St.

## LEADERS OF LOW PRICES

## SHAWLS AND FICHUS.

A new lot of these cheap goods for this week. Every person should see our prices before buying. We can save you from 61 cents to \$1.50 on our line.

STEVENSON & JOHNSTONE  
37 East Washington Street.

## FOR SALE

## SECOND-HAND

## Milk-Shake

## MACHINES.

## GOOD AS NEW

## W. N. SHORT, the Druggist

49 South Illinois Street.

## NATURAL GAS

Pleasant first make happy homes. Good, safe, reliable work done by

MURRAY & MOSIER,  
80 Massachusetts Avenue

## LINCOLN PARK

\$500 LOTS \$500

Pennsylvania Street.

Talbot Avenue.

These streets will be graveled and have stone curb, and shade trees, making these lots by far the cheapest on the market.

We take Second Mortgage.

ROBERT MARTINDALE & CO